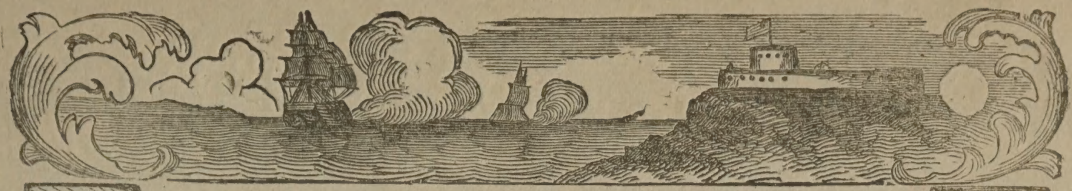

HURRA FOR THE UNION!

UNION CAMPAIGN SONG --- Air: Wait for the Wagon.

By WILLIAM COSGROVE.

Come, brothers, all unite with us—come join us one and all--
United we will conquer, but divided we will fall ;
Our flag is for the Union, and we have a gallant crew,
Who have raised it, and who love it--'tis the red, white and blue.
Chorus--Then, hurra for the Union, hurra for the Union,
Hurra for the Union, and the red, white and blue.

Our ship's the Constitution, and good patriots, at the helm,
Will bring us into action, and our foes we'll overwhelm ;
They'll find that we'll be "wide awake" enough to put them through.
Let our watchword be "The Union," and the red, white and blue.
Then, hurra for the Union, &c.

We have among our leaders a Giant with the rest---
That is our gallant Douglas, "Little Giant of the West ;"
Thousands rush to greet him, where'er he passes through,
For his voice is raised for Union, and the red, white and blue.
Then, hurra for the Union, &c.

Kentucky has a gallant son aboard our noble bark---
Breckinridge, an officer who's sure to make his mark ;
Upon the fields of Mexico he fought with courage true--
For the flag that floats for Union, 'tis the red, white and blue.
Then, hurra for the Union, &c.

And then we have another, and a statesman, too, is he,
Who served his country long and well, that's Bell of Tennessee ;
And Everett, whose voice was raised to render what was due
To the memory of the man who raised the red, white and blue.
Then, hurra for the Union, &c.

These are all good and true men ; so let us all unite,
For with such gallant leaders we are sure to win the fight.
Sectional distinctions we never will renew---
We'll fight but for the Union, and the red, white and blue.
Then, hurra for the Union, &c.

We fight to save the Union, and God is on our side,
We fight against a faction who would "let the Union slide,"
To put down these rail-splitters, who would split it into two---
They love the nigger better than the red, white and blue.
Then, hurra for the Union, &c.

Come on, then, boys, let's chase 'em, for now we're on their track-
They must be pirates, surely, for see their flag is black ;
The ship they sail is black also, and blacker is the crew
That would dissolve the Union of the red, white and blue.
Then, hurra for the Union, &c,

H. DE MARSAN, DEALER IN SONGS, TOY-BOOKS &C. No 54 CHATHAM ST. N.Y.